

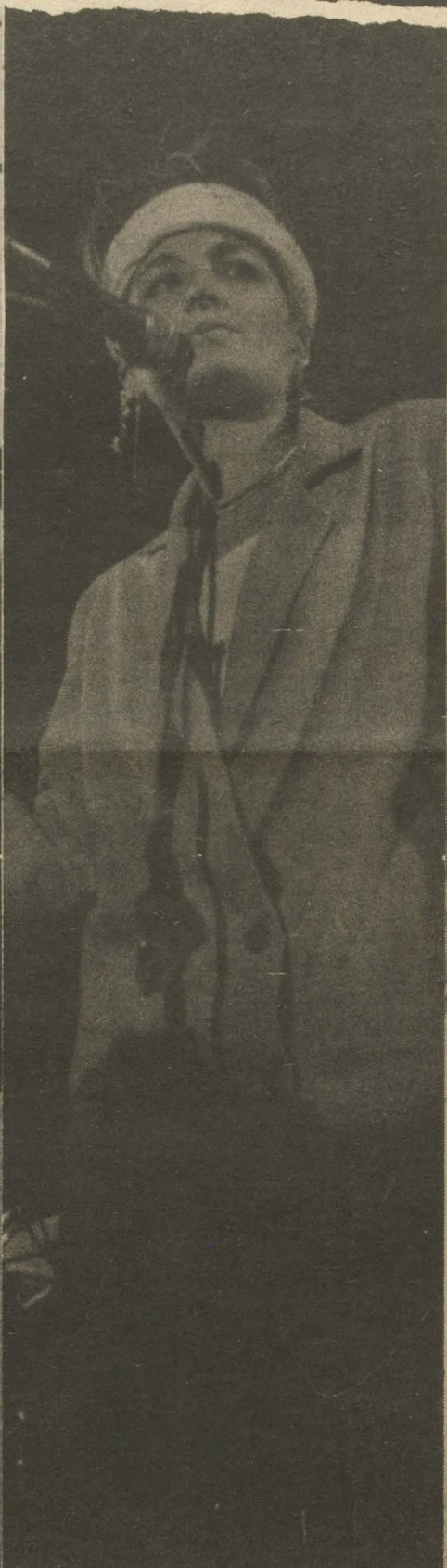
February 1985

Arts Magazine



Artists fight back

N.S. arts industry combats the recent wave of cutbacks to their very livelihoods...Page 8



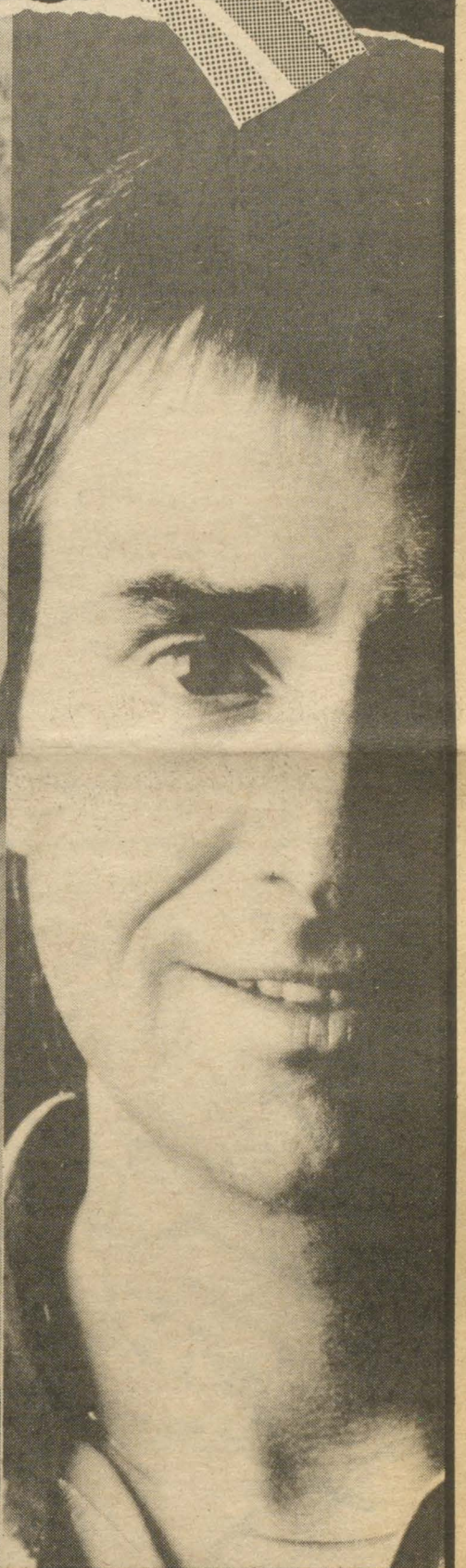
Christian Metal

Born again Christians pick up the devil's beat to sell Christ...Page 4



Lesley Choyce

Fiction: I've touched the sun and found it cold...Page 12



Arts Society Nominations..

close Friday, March 1st at 12:00. Nomination forms and job description outlines are available at the SUB Enquiry desk. Elections will be held on Tuesday, March 5th. Location and time will be advertised.

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Legendary sessions by Beefheart...

By SIOBHAN McRAE

RELEASED LATE LAST year, *The Legendary A&M Sessions* contains the first recordings made by Captain Beefheart, dating from 1965. As the liner notes state, four of the songs were originally released on two singles, while the fifth languished for nearly two decades in an A&M tape vault. Beefheart actually later re-did some of this material for his first LP, *Safe As Milk*, in 1967.

Beefheart's version of Bo Diddley's *Diddy Wah Diddy* shows the young Magic Band to be accomplished and committed. Laced with Beefheart's harmonica work, the song shows him to be in tune with the R&B style which was at that time being explored by such groups as The Rolling Stones and The Animals. But Beefheart demonstrates a more authentic feeling for this type of music than that displayed by its more well-known white exponents.

Nor surprisingly, none of these songs show or even hint at the lyrical and musical eccentricities which were later to emerge with such albums as *Strictly Personal*. The song which might be considered as coming closest to what would eventually become Beefheart's style is the previously unreleased *Here I Am, I Always Am*.

Credit should go to A&M for leaving the recordings in the original mono instead of rechanneling them to simulate stereo.

Cat Stevens rehashes classics in new LP

By DAVID OLIE

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO Cat Stevens? Do you, in fact, even remember Cat Stevens?

This is where I begin to date myself: I do remember him; I remember his albums dating back to the very early seventies; I remember his distinctive vocal style, his simple, peaceful melodies on six and twelve string acoustic, his soul-searching lyrics. I remember tranquility with a message.

Mind you, I didn't discover Stevens that far back. Maybe around 1977 or so. I'm not that dated. But even so, I recall him with a smile. He was a heaven-sent refuge from disco in that foul year, if nothing else. (Do you remember disco? You poor sap.) And even now, when it's time to mellow without the aid of chemicals, Cat Stevens fills the bill.

Stevens disappeared suddenly from the music scene a few years back, and rumours began to fly. I had it on good authority that he was dying from stomach cancer, and was no longer able to



perform. Whatever was happening to him personally, his career was clearly dying, and aside from an occasional play of *Another Saturday Night* or some other hit, Cat Stevens disappeared from the airwaves and the public mind.

Now, after more than six years, Stevens has reappeared. However, he isn't really Stevens and he hasn't really reappeared.

The new album, entitled *Footsteps in the Dark* is, in fact, the second volume of Stevens' greatest hits. There are no new songs on this album, although there are three pieces not to be found on any of his previous albums. *Don't be Shy* and *If You Want to Sing Out, Sing Out* are taken from the soundtrack of the movie *Harold and Maude*, while *I Want to Live in a Wigwam* was previously only available as the flipside of the single *Morning Has Broken*. All three are valuable additions to the Stevens album library. On the other hand, for some strange reason the song *Father and Son* appears here when it was already included on the first greatest hits album.

To clear up the first point above, Stevens is no longer Stevens, but rather Yusuf Islam. In the liner notes to the album, Islam explains how he discovered and accepted the Moslem faith in 1977. He now lives with his family in England, quietly

working for his religion and for peace.

For these reasons, *Footsteps in the Dark* is more than another record; it is a learning experience. It is also a transport back to a time when music was a little more simple, a little more peaceful and a little more meaningful than much of it is today.

Choir Invisible so cold I caught a draft...

By BARRY WALSH

THESE DAYS, AFTER THE barrage of synth-pop that has permeated the radio airwaves for the last few years, music is returning to its roots. With the advent of explosive new black artists reviving the sagging spirits of R&B, music is starting to have feeling again. It's getting warm. So where does this leave Choir Invisible, a new band of fresh-faced, nice-looking young men, who've quite recently released their debut EP *From Sea to Shining Sea*? Probably right where they want to be--out in the cold.

The six songs on this EP are so cold I caught a draft listening to them. Mind you, there are some bands who use cold, detached songs to their advantage. This

band isn't one of them. It seems that the members of Choir Invisible are stuck in a rut of writing music similar to the debut LP of A Flock of Seagulls. This is not meant to criticize that LP, for it was quite good. The point is that it has been done, it has been done better, and there is no point in rereading stylistic tendencies that are years old.

The production of the EP is quite dense, reducing Don Romire's drums to a bare 4/4 beat and the keyboards and bass to levels simply too low to reveal anything interesting.

Perhaps the problem is that there wasn't anything interesting even before the band reached the studio. The only one I respond to is *I Walked Away*, which should be picked up by FM radio. The rest of the selections plod along like tired mules. Lamentations about cloudy, windy days and piercing eyes are becoming clichés just as fast as shots of breaking glass in videos. Vocalist John Curry has a nice, smooth voice, but his enunciation is not as good as it should be, as most of the lyrics are incomprehensible. Those that are able to be deciphered sound like excerpts from graffiti in art school bathrooms. When joined with the bland, lifeless musical performances, these lyrics definitely lose any interest that they may have had for the

listener.

The final verdict on Choir Invisible's *From Sea to Shining Sea* is not a good one. Given time, the band could evolve into a classy post-Roxy Music entity, since the potential does indeed exist. This time around, the potential is buried by dense production and more than a few overblown pretensions. 'Tis a shame. Indeed, the first song of the EP seems to encapsulate the band's situation. Its title: *Grey At Present*.

Slugs have begun slimy slide into commercialism

By KIMBERLY WHITCHURCH

DOUG AND THE SLUGS, the eclectic sextet from the west coast, has begun a slimy slide into commercialism. *Popaganda* is an unfortunately apt title for their latest album.

The album is slickly engineered without being overproduced. For the most part it manages to capture the trendy energy they're known for. Doug Bennett's distinctive vocals are immediately recognizable. He's the vocal equivalent of a character actor—there's loads of cynicism and charisma in that knowing sneer.

Individual tracks are not without merit. *Dancing on the Powerlines* is a bouncy dance tune with a sophisticated edge. It doesn't really need the trendy holocaust-hook already worked to death (so to speak) by Ultravox, Kate Bush, Frankie Goes to Hollywood, and countless others. To wit: "This is not a test/this is not a drill/this is real" plus scary mechanical sounds. Sigh.

Opinions has a nice intro and even begins to approach the Slug-music style. Forget about *It Must Be Love*. It sounds fine on the surface, but the lyrics are no better than anything by the infamous K.C. and the Sunshine Band. The chorus goes like this:

*I feel no pain
I feel the same
I feel so strange
It must be love*

*I feel the heat
I feel the beat
I feel complete
It must be love*

Definitely not what one would expect from the same group that put out *Cognac and Bologna* and *Music for the Hard of Thinking*.

Please please please is a sexy rock song with a bassline that starts right at the hips.

Somewhat disappointing on the whole, but there is still a glimmer of the group's original promise. *Waiting for You* has some of the stylish ironic-racounteur feel sadly lacking in the aforementioned songs. Similarly, *Let Go*, another pop tune, ends the album on a hoped-for high note.

More record reviews on page 6...

CHRISTIAN HEAVY METAL ROCK AND ROLL

"Some of them find it bizarre — they're not used to alternative music, and I'm alternative alternative..."

BY KEN BURKE

FEEDBACK SCREECHES FROM ELECTRIC GUITARS cuts through the air, as a plodding bass and drum beat begins bashing out the familiar shape of a heavy metal dronetune. But as the vocalist starts to wail, something sounds different — radically different — about this record. When the band reaches the anthem-like chorus, it's clear what's going on. "When will you begin to see the love of god?" shrieks the lead singer-cum-evangelist in leather and jeans.

Welcome to the incredible — not to mention bizarre — world of Christian Rock Music.

Traditionally a safe home for genteel white-clad singers like Pat Boone or church choirs and quartets, gospel music has been diversifying, much like the entire "Christian industry" in North America. That means using any and all means to spread THE WORD in the lean, mean '80s. Missionary work; travelling uncharted airwaves just as others had journeyed abroad hundreds of years before to convert the heathen.

"It's realising we have to go to every tribe and nation," says Christine Boychuck, host of a Sunday morning Christian rock show on Carleton University's CKCU-FM radio in Ottawa. "You have the punk tribe, the funk tribe, and other musical tribes," she says.

Boychuck is part of a growing trend of Christian rock and heavy metal shows on campus and mainstream radio stations across Canada. Aside from her *Song for You* show, the University of Western Ontario boasts two shows, one mild and one strictly hard rock. Dalhousie's CKDU had a Christian rock slot last year, and there are numerous shows in Western Canada. Off-campus, Q-104-FM in Dartmouth, has a show and at CFNY Toronto, ex-Lighthouse band leader Skip Prokop's *Rock in a Hard Place* show broadcasts the most metallic of modern hymns.

Almost anything can be found, if you care to look. Over here, Undercover are doing a new wave rave-up of the hymn *Holy Holy Holy* on an album *Boys and Girls, Renounce the World*. Over there, a tune sung by Petra, most of whose record covers bear an uncanny resemblance to those of the 70s band Boston; *God gave rock and roll to you gave rock and roll to you put it in the soul of every one you can let the music take you but where will you be when the music's gone?*

And way over in the corner, a lengthy metal rant about the evils of modern society by Stronghold in the name of "sodom in the world today."

If you're not ready for that, you may not be ready for bands which consider their "ministry co-ordinator" a band member, or list two dates of birth on their songbook biographies — physical date of birth and date they were born again.

The "Christian big beat," as one dee-jay describes it, is riding the crest of the Born Again religious movement which has swept North America since the mid-seventies. The movement is centered around a revelatory conversion experience and strong emphasis on Bible study. Born-again adherents exist mainly outside organized religions, simply calling themselves "Christians." One fundamental belief seems to be that all people who haven't been "born-again" are hell-bound, regardless of their actions in life. That kind of raises the stakes in the evangelical sweepstakes.

When existing rockers discovered this charismatic movement, many decided to use rock and roll as a means for spreading their new-found faith, rather than giving up their beat for Bibles. As Joey Taylor, keyboardist in the group Undercover, told *WORD* magazine, "Punk and New Wave were just getting started at the time (of our conversion) and we saw right away that this was the tool that God had given us. We got a clear calling to minister to people in that subculture."

"The Lord just said 'Go get 'em,'" said Taylor.

These bands know what traditional evangelists had ignored for years - there is a genuine generation gap in the selling of kids on Christ. The evangelists demanded that the kids change. They didn't. It doesn't take a born-again marketing genius to see why young people weren't excited about the music their religious friends or parents pushed on them. Without even considering the lyrical content, it was dull. B-O-R-I-N-G. And they weren't about to change their musical tastes for something as trivial as being saved from the fires of eternal damnation. So something had to give.

As a result, Christian Rock Bands with names like Stronghold, Bond Servant, Petra, and the Rez Band (Resurrection Band) are filling the airwaves and

Christian bookstore record stands across the country — and emptying the stands in a hurry. Their records are by far the hottest selling items in Christian stores in Halifax and other cities and regularly achieve "gold" record sales in the U.S.

"It's the modern gospel music people are looking for," says Molly Austen, the grandmotherly manager of the Canadian Bible Society's Halifax bookstore.

The resulting merger of rock culture and evangelical religion has taken on the full force of a marketing blitz, selling Christ to the masses as he's never been sold before. There are T-shirts, fanzines, videos, sampler cassettes, and posters galore. Ads tell kids the albums they're looking for are *The Permanent Wave*. Another ad for the Rez Band promises "music to raise the dead." They ain't talkin' about *Thriller*, you can bet that.

These sales efforts are centered around the real thing — musicians on independent Christian music labels like Exit, Light, Sparrow, and Myrrh. On mainstream labels, born-again rockers have been playing for years, though usually spreading a less dogmatic message. U2, The Alarm, Cliff Richard and Donna Summer are all Christian musicians working with major labels, although people buying their records may not recognize their messages of peace, love and harmony as Bible-inspired. So where's the line between Christian and secular rock?

"Right now I'm drawing the line at Simple Minds," says Boychuck. "They're Catholics, but I don't think any of them have said they're active Christians. I ask 'is the dominant force in the group Christian?' They just use religious imagery in their songs," she says.

Anyone doubting how much Christian rock means to its fans could ask Christine Boychuck for a testimonial. Before hosting the two and a half hour CKCU show, which Chicago's *Cornerstone Magazine* listed as one of the best in North America, the Carleton journalism graduate was the "NUMBER one fan" of the show's first host, Lorne Anderson. She took over as host in 1982, five years after she first experienced Christian rock and roll.

Before her conversion, Boychuck loved bands like Led Zeppelin. Then religion changed all that. "I was taught that I should break my records and burn my music," she says. Minus the offending music, something still wasn't right with her life. "I felt a void," she recalls.

"Part of my soul still wanted to rock." When she finally heard the Word made metal in 1977, the music was a godsend...literally. "I said it can't be Christian because it's too good," says Boychuck.

Reactions such as her own to Christian

rock come few and far between from students at Carleton, says Boychuck. "I haven't had much student reaction," she shrugged. "They're not my listeners." CKCU has a mandate from the CRTC to provide community service outside the Carleton campus.

"Some of them find it bizarre — they're not used to alternative music, and I'm alternative alternative," she says, pausing to underline the words, "so they find it really hard to take."

Hosting *Song for You* for the past two years has led Boychuck to define her goals — and limitations.

"The four objectives of the show are: entertainment, information, edification, and evangelism," she says. "Evangelism is deliberately fourth. This is a rock show. I don't want to preach."

The same doesn't apply for a colleague of hers here on the east coast.

High above Dartmouth, in the penthouse studios of Q104-FM, Penthouse magazine "pets" stare from bulletin boards in snapshot embraces with dee-jays and station staff. Keith Wells doesn't look at them though, or at the pictures of Billy Idol's iron-on sneer and endless legions of faceless bands that festoon the studio walls. Instead, he looks out the huge windows to see the station's listening audience spread out below, split by the shining waves of Halifax harbour on a Sunday afternoon. In his shades, jeans, India cotton shirt and sneakers, he looks just like any of the station's cooler-than-thou-dee-jays — until he opens his mouth to speak. Keith Wells is a concerned young man.

"There are a lot of young people out there going to hell and we've got to try and reach them," he says, leaning back in this swivel chair at the sound controls. "There's got to be a way other than *Amazing Grace* to reach young people."

Wells, a roadie and singer with Nova Scotia rock bands before his born-again experience at a 1981 Billy Graham rally, hosts a Sunday morning Christian rock show on Q104, or *The Rock of the Atlantic* as they like to be called. And he makes no bones about the role he sees the music as playing.

"It's a premiere effort by God to reach young people," he says.

"God has traditionally made material to reach the people. You have to relate to people from where they are at the time."

Where Keith Wells is places him in the unusual situation of being a dee-jay for a radio station he hopes nobody will be listening to when he's not on the air, that is. You see, not only does the *Rock of the Atlantic* play hard rock, but specialises in the loudest, fastest, and sometimes vilest.

Continued on page 5...



"I can't run somebody's salvation for them," he says, "but if those kids want to keep listening after my show, they're going to be receiving ideas that are very ungodly. I just hope what they hear on the Christian rock show is enough for them."

Wells, who still professes to being a Journey and Bruce Springsteen fan, acts on his concern with modern music by giving a two and a half hour presentation on "the satanic element in sectarian rock" to local high schools and anyone interested. He sees rock and roll as another battleground between the ultimate powers of good and evil in the universe.

"Gospel music was way ahead of its time," he says slowly, making sure his ideas are given the weight they deserve. "That rock and roll sound came from the gospel roots. Then when it became rock and roll the devil took it — he knew the power in the music."

"Music has changed to the point where it's promoting things that will put you in the pit of hell..."
—Keith Wells

"Music has changed to the point where it's promoting things that will put you in the pit of hell — about 70 per cent of modern records are like that. So, obviously, you have some kind of conspiracy in the music. People don't like to hear that, but..." Wells' voice trails off as he searches for words to describe the situation.

"What bugs me is if you say one thing against it (modern music), all hell breaks loose — so to speak."

Christine Boychuck agrees there is a problem, but describes it in terms less harsh; "It's not the music that's at fault, it's the singer's motivation. It's the lyrics," she says.

Others are less charitable. Citing a satanic conspiracy which runs through all rock music, some born-again Christians would consign all rock music to the fire, with a specially hot place reserved for Christian rock. "One of the greatest victories of the occult world was to penetrate the Christian music with their satanic beat...The words appear to be God's, but the beat belongs to Satan!" charges one evangelical comic book tract.

The theory is that all rock songs are updated versions of druid music used to call up the devils. "The drum beat is the key to addict the listener," the book cautions.

Accusations of satanic possession aren't new to religious groups of any stripe, but the bigger question is: can the music avoid drowning in its own contradictions? It's hard to tell boys and girls to "renounce the world" when you're buying into that same world's music in order to get their attention. And lyrics such as "Don't you know/ the world will tease you/ squeeze you/ into its mold" are less radical when they come from a Christian trying to make his music sound like everyone else's.

Or as Molly Austin says, laughing and leaning conspiratorially forward in her Canadian Bible Society office, "Frankly, I don't see how anyone can get the message. I can't hear a thing they say."

Parachute club jump to the forefront of Canadian music...

By MIKE POTTER

THE PARACHUTE CLUB have jumped to the forefront of

contemporary Canadian music with their latest album *At the Feet of the Moon* and have landed right on target in the international scene, joining other Toronto-based bands such as Blue Peter and Boy's Brigade.

The seven consummately-talented members of The Parachute Club are at the leading edge of the new breed of musicians, and, as an added bonus, their lyrics have a social consciousness reminiscent of early Dylan, Britain's UB40, and our own Bruce Cockburn.

The title track of the LP conveys the group's intrinsic optimism, in lines such as: *We have desire to follow/A poem for the future whose name is tomorrow*, which can be taken as a reference to the hope that the world will not be annihilated in a nuclear holocaust. The Parachute Club's musical innovation is illustrated in an a cappella refrain near the end of the song.

Innuendo features an inspired lead vocal by Julie Masi, and is a haunting melody about vague

expectations and false connotations. The concluding crescendo leaves us with the perennial questions: *Is this real or just imagination?/Who's to know, what is the truth?*

The last offering on Side One is the only weak one. It never seems to quite take off. *Equal/Equally* has good lyrics, written by Lauri Conger, but the music (which is also her creation) drags somewhat. Still, all can agree with the suggestions to *Listen carefully/The call to understanding/We could use some trust again*.

Walls and Laws alludes to our cavalier treatment of nature and the perceived necessity to be 'safe from the unknown', moves on to the topic of the imposition of authority: *Fear is ruling/We have lost control*, and ends with the

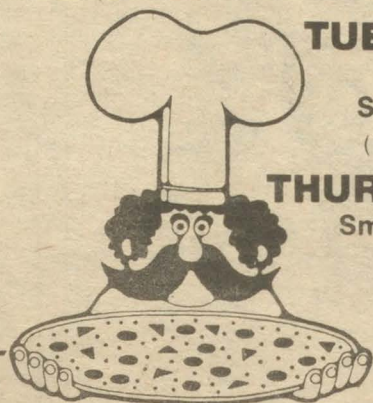
rallying cry which can redeem us: *Time is closing in my friend/Let's turn the law to love again*.

The Parachute Club are both aesthetically and intellectually stimulating with their harmonies and their lyrics. The intention of their music can be summarized as an attempt to get us to transcend our personal concerns and adopt a more holistic perspective, as expressed in the track, *Act of an Innocent: Believe we're gonna make it thru/There's a larger vision/Bigger than me and you*. Their anthem is epitomized in the enthusiastic *Freedom Song*:

*All I know is that it's a matter of choice
Hold on, tighter
We'll find freedom
Hold on, tighter
Freedom!*

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Gee, this sure beats Sony Walkman's eh? Volunteer checks on the hardware at CKDU-FM. Photo: Mary C. Sykes, Dal Photo.

Response mostly positive to CKDU-FM

IF YOU'VE BEEN READING the newspapers or watching the local news lately, you are no doubt aware of the arrival of CKDU-FM. That is now old news.

Today, the important information about the station involves the type of response the variety of programming is eliciting from those in the Metro area. Despite the fact that CKDU did win a Dalhousie student referendum last year to increase student fees so the station could afford to go FM, many students were unhappy with the type of programming the station was supplying.

Last year's problems do not seem to be affecting this year's station. Derek Spagnoli, a CKDU programmer, says there have been hardly any negative responses to programming since Feb. 1, the day CKDU began broadcasting. "The response has been pretty good. We've been getting a lot of requests - they seem to be calling all day and night," says Spagnoli.

Continued on page 7...

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Lean's A Passage To India translates well onto screen from novel

By GLENN WALTON

FIRST-RATE WORKS OF literature traditionally translate badly to the screen. The author's voice sounds in a universe of words; seldom is a director found who can translate an essentially literary art into a visual one.

Happily, David Lean comes close to doing just that in his film of E.M. Forster's masterpiece *A Passage to India*. All the Lean trademarks are present: meticulous visual composition; exquisitely-tuned acting performances; the spirit of place, that celebrated feeling for genius loci that made *Bridge On the River Kwai*, *Lawrence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago* cinematic classics. Beyond that, Lean has dug below the surface of the novel and achieved the sense of individual isolation that Forster's characters feel in a subcontinent that is a brooding metaphor for the universe itself.

On its beguiling surface, the story of *A Passage to India* concerns the visit of a young English woman, Adela Quested to an India ruled by the British Raj. She is accompanied by the enigmatic Mrs. Moore, whose son Ronny is City Magistrate of Chandrapore and to whom Adela is about to become engaged. The two women accept the invitation of the Moslem Dr. Aziz, who arranges an expedition to the nearby Marabar Caves.

There, Forster's plot explodes,

as both Adela and Mrs. Moore enter caves and react violently to the darkness, which represents both the subconscious and the Hindu concept of the womb of the universe. For Adela, the caves release all of her subconscious yearnings for sexual union with an attractive man, and she hallucinates. She flees down the side of the mountain, and her charge that Aziz has assaulted her sets Chandrapore upside down, as British and Indian take sides.

Lean is entirely successful at the Adela/Aziz conflagration that provides the main narrative line to *A Passage to India*. He is immensely aided by Judy Davis (late of *My Brilliant Career*) as Adela and Indian actor Victor Banerjee as Aziz. Davis is a study in repression; all guarded gestures, and her lines set in frigid suspension, but she catches the intelligent humanity that, in

Forster's view, saves Adela. Banerjee plays the impetuous Aziz like a game of emotional pinball and just avoids caricature. They are an unlikely pair of lovers and never connect. Together they ascend the incredible mountain only to become victims of an echo that is the ultimate leveller.

The mystical significance of Mrs. Moore and the Hindu professor Godbole comes off less successfully on film, if only because they are guardians of a stoic Hindu detachment that is essentially undramatic. Curiously, Lean omits two scenes that establish Godbole's key function in the novel: he sings at a tea party and, in the novel's coda, he dances, surrounded by a tumult of a Hindu festival. Both acts are extremely symbolic. I cannot think why Lean omits all this, unless he thought the symbolism essentially uncinematic and better left to readers. A result is that the film's ending becomes a tying up of personal threads when it should be concerned with cosmic ones. In Lean's defense, it may be said that this is what film does best.

Despite their truncated part in the film, Sir Alec Guinness and Dame Peggy Ashcroft are memorable. As Godbole, Guinness is a bag of sticks and bones, a sort of comic Gandhi who can still explain the wheel of creation. Ashcroft reminds us once again of her consummate skill as a character actress: at once decently English and intuitively receptive to the beauty amid the sordid surroundings.

As a visual artist, Lean has few peers, and *A Passage to India* is full of images that are no less than stunning. The silhouette of Adela and Mrs. Moore's train creeping across a horizon at sunset, dwarfed by the brooding subcontinent, is both a visually breath-taking and thematically consistent image. The barren mountain that Lean found for the Marabar expedition is a miracle; an inhospitable rock that thrusts out of the Indian landscape like the back of some prehistoric whale or elephant. The mountain makes the pacoderm carrying the pioneers seem like a trifle. It is in this continual pulling back to a further perspective than Lean's film

touches Forster's novel at its essence, and the arches and the echoes that are its main symbol of our finite existence are everywhere in the film.

The film is not perfect. The music, for one, seems closer to the Hudson than the Ganges. Besides the exclusion of Godbole's important dance, some of the scenes lack tension, particularly after Aziz is arrested and all the machinery of his trial clanks on.

Mrs. Moore's psychic connection with Godbole is apt to be lost on those who haven't read the book, and her continuation in Stella is only perfunctorily noted.

Still, this is like quibbling over the dessert when the banquet has been so diverting. *A Passage to India* is a prodigious achievement for the 76 year old master director, and, should it be Lean's last, a fitting finale to a distinguished career. You won't forget its images, and, once you've seen it, go back to the book. I believe that Forster, who had been wary of letting his masterwork be filmed during his lifetime, might have smiled his gentle best upon this translation.

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CKDU success...

Continued from page 6...

The most popular programs are those which are specialty shows. Spagnoli cites *Profile*, *Hot Off the Presses*, and *Backtracks* as being the most popular so far. These shows spotlight certain areas of music - lesser-known artists and new releases are spotlighted in the first two shows while lasting musical influences are the focus of the latter program - and are listened to by a large, select audience. Other specialty shows are popular as well. "Jazz and the multicultural shows have a lot of popularity," says Spagnoli.

Besides specialty shows, the other main attraction of the station is that it provides the opportunity to hear unestablished artists from the Halifax/Dartmouth community. With the arrival of CKDU, artists such as Pat Roscoe and The Vulgarians have found a way to reach the Metro radio public - a public which was impossible to reach before.

CKDU seems to have started out on the right foot and has attracted many listeners in the two weeks it has been broadcasting. Even those who were less than complimentary about the station before Feb. 1 have mellowed in their attitudes. Says one Dalhousie student, "It's better than it was last year."



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ARTISTS UNDER FIRE

Maritime artists are pulling together and crying foul over recent cuts to key federal cultural support agencies...

BY RICK JANSON

SUSAN MITTON'S VOICE TREMBLED. "THE LAST two months at the CBC have been just horrible. It's been very tough on all of us — not just job related — but everything we have worked for has been kicked out from under our feet."

The more than a 1000 people packed into the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium understood exactly what Mitton was talking about. All of them had stories to tell about the hardships that faced them in their struggles to keep their artistic endeavors alive.

Artists, writers, dancers, film-makers, musicians, craftspeople, actors...they were all united in this hall Jan. 27 in the face of massive funding cuts passed on to them by the federal government. Brought together by crisis, it none-the-less felt good to be among so many people entwined together by one common cultural thread.

At stake are the cuts in funding to the various federal cultural agencies that provide the financial spark for the arts in Canada.

Despite assurances during last summer's election campaign that the funding for federal arts agencies and councils would be maintained in line with inflation, inordinate cuts were quickly imposed on many key agencies only a few short months after election day. Over and over artists took the stage and expressed their sense of betrayal by the government.

While cuts to most sectors of the federal budget averaged three per cent, the arts were clobbered by twice that — or a six per cent cut in overall funding. To add insult to injury, the government has promised a second round of cuts yet to come this spring.

For this reason, artists from all over the Maritimes assembled here to make sure round two doesn't happen. Amid a tangle of television equipment and audio visual apparatus, they made their case one by one — captured on video tape to be later presented to communications minister Marcel Masse, who declined an invitation to be present. Instead local MP Stewart

McInnis sat uncomfortably through the four and a half hour presentation by those who's lives his government had so adversely affected.

The largest of the cuts have fallen on the CBC. \$85 million has been cut out of their national budget this year, representing 9.5 per cent of their federal subsidy.

"Federal cultural policy consists of taking the money formerly spent to support the cultural industries and giving it to a multi-national corporate giant with a new kind of anti-aircraft gun for sale."

--Harold Horwood, author

"We are here today to say our institutions are our strength, our principles represent our freedom, our best defence as a country is a society of the living, not of the dead. And our values can't be sold."

--David Craig, Eye Level Gallery

"I think there is an area of responsibility where the government can come forward and accept its responsibilities and make a greater investment in culture, in the artists of this country, in more cultural exchanges with other countries — instead of exchanging words of war and investing in bombs."

--Peter Power, president, Atlantic Federation of Musicians

Nationally 750 have lost their jobs as a result. In the Maritimes 61 have received their pink slips. Out of 13 local television programs produced by CBC-Maritimes, only four are deemed "safe." *Heritage, Inquiry, Portraits of the Maritimes, Country East, Feeling Good, Reach for the Top, Cape Breton Report*, dramas and

music specials are all on the chopping block. Of the four "safe" shows, two of them are CBC-New programming.

"The reality is, regional programming has been hit hardest despite upper management claims that they would protect programming at all costs," says Mitton, a spokesperson for the CBC employees committee of concern. "We are further concerned that the disproportionate share of the cuts are being born by the regions and this will result in a public broadcasting system in Canada with no community roots. Without community roots the CBC will very soon lose a great deal of its contact with the everyday life of this country, and with the Maritimes in particular."

For the CBC, the recent cuts already represent "round two." In 1978 the Liberal government cut \$71 million from the CBC's budget.

These cuts not only affect CBC's 12,000 employees from coast to coast, but also affect Canadian artists employed by the national broadcasting corporation. Last year alone the CBC wrote out 40,000 cheques to freelance artists.

"A major part of my income came from the CBC," said author Marjory Whitelaw. "Unfortunately in this region many of us are finding that it is no longer possible to earn even half of one's income from the CBC."

For many people like Whitelaw, that income will continue to diminish as these cuts are implemented.

"I'd like to say some of the best years of my life have been spent travelling around the Maritime provinces collecting material for oral history to be used in major radio documentaries. Now there is no money for this work," she said. "Those grants are so important for the knowledge and understanding of the entire country."

"Many of us in this room are in a similar situation. Our working lives are inextricably linked with the survival of the cultural agencies — the CBC, the film board, the Canada Council, the national museums — and us indeed for their own survival, for where would they be without us? We all need each other and that goes for the whole country."

Severe cutbacks in regional programming indeed affect the ability of Canada's diverse cultures to communicate with each other. In the case of Cape Breton's gaelic community, the CBC is a crucial link to the survival of a language that is at the heart of their culture.

Hector MacNeil, a "gaelic enthusiast," spoke up in defence of *Island Echoes*, a Saturday night program of gaelic heritage broadcast on CBC-radio — and in danger of disappearing from the schedule.

"We are not interested in negotiating for less airtime on the CBC, nor for a watered down version of *Island Echoes*. We in the gaelic community must have more help in developing our language and our culture — not less help," he said. "The *Island Echoes* program allows us to hear our language, our history, our music and our songs, in the medium that plays an increasingly important role in our lives."

But Hector MacNeil may be lucky if even the local CBC station survives the onslaught of continual underfunding.

CBC president Pierre Juneau told an audience in Winnipeg recently, that the CBC has reached a point where, if forced to cut any more expenditures, "we would be cutting programs drastically. Or we could cut out stations. It would be a terrific deterioration of the CBC."

Although the CBC provides a market for the work of many in the arts community, it is the Canada Council that provides the grants that make up basic sustenance funding for many organizations.

It too has suffered a cut in funds. \$3.5 million has been cut from the council, or about five per cent of their funding. And this despite recommendations by the recent Applebaum-Hebert report on federal cultural policy that the Canada Council should receive a substantial increase in its

appropriations to permit new programs and to sustain current ones.

Inadequate funding over the years has reduced the Canada Council to the point where it can no longer invest in new artists and artistic companies.

For many who have worked so hard to gain recognition, it is a bitter pill to swallow.

Take Nova Dance Theatre, for example. "This August it will be seven years since I moved to Halifax with the express intention of creating a professional modern performing dance company which would rank among Canada's best," says NDT's Jeannie Robinson.

"I and many others have made sacrifices, worked 20 hour days, and now on the verge of success we are informed that the rules have been changed."

"Scotia Chamber Players has an operating budget of close to \$150,000. More than two-thirds of that — \$100,000 — is paid in artists fees and salaries — more than three-quarters stays in Canada. Income tax on those salaries amounts to \$14,000 which is returned to the federal treasury — an amount that is fully \$6,000 in excess of the Canada Council's grant. You may well ask, who is subsidizing who?"

For whatever artists in Canada are, we are not rip-off artists. We pay our way. The worth of what we produce in the way of music, dance, theatre, poetry, novels and plays and high craftsmanship is far in excess of what the public purse could ever pay for. It is not decent that we should be required to take the heat for a worldwide economic recession caused as much as anything by the pathetically single-minded devotion to the profit motive."

--Steven Pederson
Musician and journalist

"We think there should be an alternative to Mr. T."

--Cathy Quinn
Centre for Art Tapes

One of the catch-22's of getting council backing for a dance company is that "you cannot get funding until you have proven that you are good enough, stable enough, and above all determined enough to survive without it."

Robinson said they did that by creating a series of "temporary miracles," and were recently informed by the Council they had finally been deemed "to have reached the national standard of excellence." They would hereby be eligible for serious consideration for the funding they needed to survive.

"This was good news not only for me and my dancers and administrative staff," she said, "but to those literally hundreds of professionals to whom NDT has given money and employment to over the last four years, from the independent choreographers to the printer who makes up our programme."

But after seven years of hard work and much recognition, it was not to be. Robinson was told that funds have been cut back so badly that there was a negligible chance of any new dance companies being added to the Council's roles.

"It has been a long hard journey and now there is no room at the inn. I have created and juggled as many local miracles as I can. And I fear that NDT will not reopen its doors next September. I cannot blame the council. The break in the chain of promises came not there but at a higher level. Specifically at the present government's campaign promise that it would, if elected, maintain council funding with an adjustment for inflation."

Instead the government has mandated the first actual cut in Council funding in 27 years, according to Robinson.



"We have never sought a free ride — but only a fighting chance. If the present government would only keep its promises, we would have it. We earned it. And now I must tell seasoned dancers that the federal government does not value what they do, and tell the local cultural community that if they want to see good modern dance from now on, they'll need a plane ticket."

"But why an architect?" I thought this might become some serious film trivia joke. "Why not?" She just looked at me blankly, so I continued. "I mean he could have been a doctor or a lawyer — I really didn't care what the profession was..." but she said, cutting me off, "An architect in Halifax?" It was my turn to look blankly at her. She went on, "you mean they have architects in Halifax?" I excused myself, crossed the room and joined the francophone conversation not one word of which did I understand.

--Bill MacGillivray
Film-maker

The picture is not much different for others. The question of cultural value weighs heavy among many as they scrape along on subsistence wages and long hours for another disappointing encounter with government.

"Cutbacks to arts and culture are demoralizing students in the arts," says Bob Tonks, student union president at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design. "They're making us feel unwanted, without worth and value in society. I just

hope this really isn't the case."

"The financial burden of a university education combined with the high cost of art making make the need for government support even more crucial in the process," he said. The cuts are "threatening to nip the artistic future of this country in the bud."

According to the Applebaum-Hebert report, artists like Tonks can expect to earn about \$6,000 to \$10,000 annually after graduation. If he were a woman, it would be more like \$2,000. Many made the point that it is the artists themselves that are making the largest subsidization of Canadian culture, not government.

"As educators, we perceive a steadily growing negative mood spreading right across the country," says Garry Kennedy, NSCAD president. "An atmosphere in which art education is seen as dispensable, as a frill, as a non-essential — something that in tough times we can live without."

Although art schools are funded through provincial governments, Kennedy equates the cuts to arts schools with the same short sightedness displayed towards those federal programmes.

Some of the victims include: Algonquin College, Ottawa: Art department closed; Humber College, Toronto: Art programme reduced to two years, then one year, then closed; St. Lawrence College, Kingston: Programme reduced to two years; Sheridan College, Brampton: Department closed; David Thompson University Centre, Nelson, B.C.: Department closed; Simon Fraser University: Visual arts department cut back 30 per cent; Fanshawe College,

London: Art department cut back 35 per cent; University of Ottawa: Art department suffering heavy cutbacks.

Susan Sadoway of the Art Teachers of Nova Scotia does not see art programmes as dispensable: "Art education fosters independent thinking and creativity in a world in which change and adaptability have become crucial."

But the arts needn't have to justify their grants from government on esoteric and speculative terms. Investment in the arts has proven economically sound.

Writer Silver Donald Cameron quotes economist John Kenneth Galbraith liberally in constructing his economic arguments.

"Galbraith said the artist in a very practical down-to-earth sense is the spearhead of economic development," says Cameron. "And as evidence he cited the Italian economy. The Italian economy? Well yes...Despite the familiar litany of Italian problems, the Italian economy since World War II has grown faster than almost any other western economy. Italian products compete very successfully around the world, and often at the upper end of the market."

He points out that Italian clothing, shoes, jewellery and sports cars are marks of success and sophistication everywhere.

"Now how did the Italians achieve such status in places like Vancouver, Rio de Janeiro and Melbourne? We should think about this, and the new rulers in Ottawa should think about it too. According to Galbraith, Italy's economic success has not been the result of docile labour, or dazzling management, or great national resources — and it certainly is not the calm steady rational leadership provided by the Italian government," says Cameron. "It is because Italian products are better designed than any others in the world."

According to Galbraith, the arts are on the cutting edge of economic and social development, and are very much part of the reason why Paris, London and New York have continued to be economically vital in otherwise hostile environments.

"The artistic community down here doesn't need Michael Wilson to tell us that we live in difficult times — we probably have a more intimate acquaintance with the difficulties than he does," says Cameron. "We are here to tell Mr. Wilson and his colleagues that they have their priorities backwards — that the cultural industries are among the few bright spots of the economy and that we contribute far more to the government than the government contributes towards us."

Cameron illustrates how this works by taking the example of Ontario's Stratford festival.

The festival receives just under \$1.5 million in grants — most of it from the Canada Council. Its total budget last year was nearly \$13 million, of which \$8 million came from sales at the box office. The amount injected into the local economy through visitors to the festival and other spin-offs amounts to a staggering \$35 million, generating \$9 million in provincial and federal tax revenue.

"In other words, the Stratford festival put back directly into the public purse six times the amount of money it took out."

In the last few years tourism has become more interrelated with the arts, expanding those spin-off revenues further.

"Does anyone truly think that Japanese tourists fly right past Hawaii and the west coast to visit the beaches of Prince Edward Island? Or because they want to see potato fields and a tiny Tory government?" he asks. "No, the reason for Prince Edward Island's growing tourism trade with Japan is because of a woman by the name of Lucy Maude Montgomery who wrote a book called *Anne of Green Gables*. And that book is particularly well loved in Japan. They come to see the farm house at Cavendish, take in the musical at the Confederation Centre, and more of them come every year. Once they've seen those

things, they don't take the next flight out — they stay and enjoy the Island's other pleasures and the culture that gave rise to the book they love. All kinds of businesses benefit, but without *Anne of Green Gables* those tourists wouldn't be there at all."

In 1981 the arts in Canada were this country's 11th largest industry. Revenues amounted to about \$8 billion — \$201 million in Nova Scotia alone. \$2.5 billion was paid out to some 235,000 people — more people employed than any other manufacturing industry. These earnings represent about four per cent of the gross national product, while expenditures represented about 1.8 per cent of the federal budget.

"If this is freeloading," says Cameron, "Then let's have more of it."

Silver Donald Cameron has become animated at center stage as he lashes out against the Tory cutbacks.

"We have not had civility, reconciliation, consultation — we have had straight out attacks on our livelihood, our businesses, our institutions and our markets. And the prime-minister tells us that there is more to come in the new budget. If this is the way the Tories treat Canada's 11th largest industry, the most charitable explanation is that they are ignorant of the economic reality," he says, his voice rising. "But intelligent managers do not act out of ignorance and these cuts bear no resemblance whatever to intelligent management."

"...and he (the trombone player) said our trade is different than the other trades, the other people in Canada who work at other things. You take a plumber, for example. He goes out and he works all day and he goes home at 4 pm., has his supper, and after his supper he doesn't take his toilet apart and practice putting it back together again."

--Peter Power
Atlantic Federation of Musicians

"If there is a language which we all can understand from Point Eglise to Burnaby, not to mention Come-By-Chance and Baie Comeau, it is the language of art. If there is something that can draw us all together, all of the people of this nation, something that transcends the great distances, in which preserves our rich history and traditions, it is art."

--Dr. Roseann Runte
Recteur, Universite Ste-Anne

Cameron asks what kind of policy lops \$85 million from the CBC putting 750 people out of work to spend almost as much to give coloured clothes to the armed forces.

"And all this in the name of hard-headed economic realism? The CBC earned \$3 million in foreign sales last year. What did the army earn? Are they going to defend us by throwing bolts of cloth at the enemy? What kind of cigarettes are the ministers smoking anyway?"

"If governments are going to measure us by economic yardsticks — fine — we can handle that. But we do demand that the same rules govern all the players. The unyielding yardstick they apply to us must also be applied on Massey-Ferguson, the airports, Air Canada, Canadair, Dome Petroleum — and its lenders. If economic viability is the test, the angel of death will sweep through a great many mahogany panelled boardrooms."

This newly formed coalition intends to fight on for their survival. As film-maker Lulu Keating put it, "I will continue working in this region where I'm from and where my people live and where my culture is. It's always been hard being a film-maker, and they have no right to make it any harder..."

CONFESSIONS OF A HARLEQUIN READER

"You don't have to do a lot of research to find out that Harlequin's message is that your life has no meaning without a man."

BY SAMANTHA BRENNAN

What's love got to do with it? Lots if you're a reader of Harlequin romances.

After years in the closet, feminist and sociologist Angela Miles has "come out" as a sometimes reader of Harlequin romances and she's more than willing to talk about it.

Speaking at the Dartmouth regional library Jan. 8, Miles said that understanding why women need and read Harlequin romances is essential to an understanding of women's lives. She believes that the deeply emotional experience of Harlequin reading is about love not sex, nurturing not seducing and mother-love not males hero worship.

Her lecture, "Confessions of a Harlequin Reader" attracted a

crowd about as unusual as the lecture topic itself. Sitting in a semi-circle around Miles were feminist academics, women Harlequin readers and one male aspiring Harlequin writer anxious to meet his readers.

"You don't have to do a lot of research to find out that Harlequin's message is that your life has no meaning without a man," said Miles. She admits that its no surprise feminists are upset with Harlequins and the myths of women's powerlessness they perpetuate. But Miles says we must take the questions further and ask what is it about the Harlequin romance that is so attractive to women.

"I have been out as a Harlequin

reader for awhile now," said Miles. She said she realized she was addicted to the Harlequin experience when in the middle of her PhD thesis she wanted to go home and read a Harlequin romance. She said the turning point came when she actually considered buying one.

Miles said that as a feminist she realized the personal is political and couldn't accept making Harlequins a no-struggle and unquestioned area of her life.

She said this led to her asking the question — "If they are so bad, why am I reading them and if they're not why can't I tell my friends?" This is when I knew I had to "come out" as a Harlequin reader, said Miles.

"I didn't send out cards," she said. "But I dropped it into the conversation whenever I could." She said she watched herself finding ways to defend her habit.

"I asked them (my friends) what is wrong with women fantasizing about finding love, never doing housework and see exotic places?" said Miles. But still these reasons failed to satisfy her questions.

Miles said she began to look at the dialogue and plot of Harlequins to find out what was so attractive to women, including herself. She said she found that the male hero in Harlequin romances, the knight in shining armour, is a mother image. The male hero may be arrogant but he's also self-sufficient, strong

and nurturing, said Miles.

"One thing Harlequins are about is not having to mother men, which is something married women know lots about," said Miles. "If you're looking for mothering you turn to Harlequins."

She said that Harlequins are able to provide women with emotional rewards society fails to provide them — love, affection and nurturing. These are things we associate with our mother, said Miles.

Using dozens of quotes from Harlequins, Miles showed the male hero as someone who washes the heroines feet, tucks her in bed and buttons up her coat. The woman is childlike and submissive.

Miles said its significant that the female hero in Harlequins is usually an orphan living in the home of the male hero.

"She's on a roller coaster emotional ride created by the writers," said Miles. She says the heroine moves from resistance to love to rejection and then to reconciliation.

Both Harlequin romances and mother-child relationships contain this mix of nurturing and dominance, said Miles.

Miles is quick to reject the theory that women have a psychological need to reconcile conflict with their mother. Instead she said Harlequins can act as a psychological "lever" to ease pressure in difficult times.

Miles said that her interest in Harlequins made her look for other feminist work on the issue. When she found it, she says it was disappointing.

Feminists just haven't applied the feminist principle of using your own experience when dealing with Harlequin romances, said Miles. Instead she found essays that talked about how horrible Harlequins were without asking why women read them. Miles says the feminists who actually did talk to Harlequin readers still treated them as an other, an alien species.

"We all recognize the faint echo of the myth of knight in shining armour riding off on the white horse," said Miles. "What is it about this myth that attracts women?"

And for Miles this is the main question. Besides being a priority in her work, asking questions was a priority for Miles in her lecture. Throughout her talk women were able to add to her description of the "Harlequin experience."

Although Miles says she's not advocating that women read Harlequins, she says its a safer escape than other routes women in our society may choose.

"It's better than valium or alcohol," she concluded.

Miles is a sociology professor at St. Francis University. Her lecture was cosponsored by the Canadian Research Institute for the Advancement of Women.

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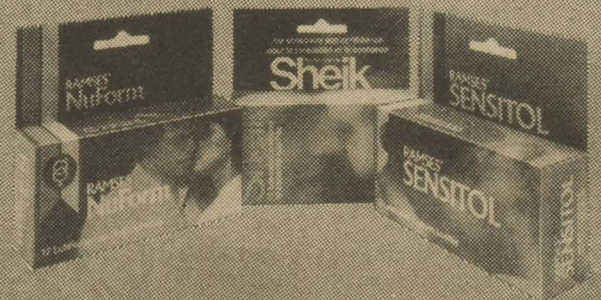
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NANCY WHITE

"I just think the left has the best music and the nicest people, except of course for Stalin..."

BY ELIZABETH DONOVAN

NANCY WHITE, CANADIAN POLITICAL songwriter and singer, is a woman living on the fringe. Singing and writing about Central American, feminist and environmental issues, she is considered too political by conservative audiences and yet too established by many in the progressive community.

Sitting in Halifax's Khyber Cafe, White is relaxing after a morning autographing albums and cassettes at the Red Herring co-op bookstore. White was in Halifax to perform for the Nova Scotia Barrister's Society Jan 18 — an unusual audience for her.

"All those three-piece suits, and all those Tories," she wails, conceding later that "it wasn't too bad."

White says she doesn't align herself with one particular ideology. Her decision not to write mainstream material is a personal one.

"I'm not set anywhere on the

political spectrum. I just think the left has the best music and the nicest people, except of course for Stalin."

She admits working outside the commercial music industry means less exposure and fewer contracts. The majority of her bookings are doing numerous benefits and rallies.

"My profile is much higher in Whitehorse and Ramea, Newfoundland than in Toronto."

White has started her own record company called Mouton Records, because of the difficulties getting recording contracts.

"It's taken a lot of energy to get this bleating little company off the ground."

Canadian content is a strong element in many of her songs. She is intrigued as to why Canadians do not like themselves or anything Canadian. She has a theory and she likes to test it out when she gets a chance.

"Because Canadians lack a national identity they can just pick one since there are so many different cultures in Canada. In fact, I went through a phase where I wanted to be a French Canadian, and later I went to Central America, I took Spanish courses and wanted to become a Central American."

Her down-to-earth manner and familiarity with Halifax betray her Maritime roots. This Toronto resident still regards the Maritimes as her home.

A native of Prince Edward Island, and graduate of Dalhousie, she speaks fondly of Halifax, Shirreff Hall and the changes on campus.

"I did my time in Shirreff Hall — three years. I really liked it though, because there was more freedom, no cooking and cleaning. When I went to university, the Arts building and student union building were not built yet."

After performing in several Dalhousie musicals and a short stint in Montreal, she returned to Nova Scotia and worked for the *Dartmouth Free Press* as a reporter. In 1970 White moved to Toronto, singing in coffee houses and acting in a series of comic reviews.

White started writing topical songs for *Sunday Morning* in 1976. After two and a half years she took a three year break because the constant pressure left her "burn't out."

White continued producing songs and she returned to *Sunday*

Morning in 1983. She now works for CBC every two weeks.

White says she disagrees with those people who think "she lives in the basement of the CBC." She is a prolific writer producing several albums and other commissioned works. Her latest releases, *What Should I Wear To The Revolution?*, *Sunday Morning Tapes*, and *Nancy White — Unexpected* have proved she is more versatile than her critics give her credit for.

Many of White's lyrics and melodies are influenced by South Central American politics and music.

While many artists were just discovering Central America in the early '80s, she had been doing benefits for and actively promoting the cause of the victims from those countries since the early '70s.

She represented Canada at the Festival of Popular Song in Managua, Nicaragua and visited Guatemalan refugee camps in Mexico on behalf of Oxfam in February 1983.

She writes her lyrics using newspapers as her source for material. White claims she is no great "political visionary" and is surprised when people consider her so.

"I just got a call from the sociology department at York University. They want me to speak to their students about how I write my songs. They think I have some great vision. Sociology of Music they want to call it. But for \$500 bucks I'll cook something up."

White says her producer just calls her and asks if she feels like doing a song that week.

"My producer and I are politically on the same wavelength, so we knock our heads together and come up with a song."

She typically down-plays her

innate ability to take topical news events and find humorous political ironies. Finding contradictions is a daily fascination.

"There is this shopping place called Honest Ed's. It is the refinement of capitalism. I saw some really nice blue towels there, they were made in Marin, Cuba. Wow! I thought what a blend of the right, middle and left."

No one seems to escape White's satirical musical commentary. Old Liberals, new Tories, Princess Anne and the Pope have been treated to her biting sarcasm.

In her song about Trudeau's decision/indecision to resign as prime-minister, (*Maybe, Maybe not Waltz*) the country is playing the role of a "burned lover."

A song that has received attention from both England and the U.S. is the song about Princess Anne and how tough it is to keep losing her place in line of the succession to the throne — *Thirty Years a Princess and Never a Queen*.

She claims I'm not the political animal I know people think I am."

White is often able to laugh at herself as well as the political caricatures she describes in her songs. She refers to herself as "all around bitch of the North" and "voice of liberal guilt."

In a self revealing song (*When the Wino comes my way*) she speaks of the contradiction in picketing for a cause and hoping to avoid the wino.

*I'm a knee jerk liberal
I vote for the NDP
And I love to stand and picket in front of the U.S. embassy:
And I get called progressive?
But that's not what they would say*

*If they could read my mind
When the wino comes my way*

FICTION BY LESLEY CHOYCE

I'VE TOUCHED THE SUN & FOUND IT COLD

"I THINK THE MOISTURE PROBLEM in the greenhouse could get serious, don't you Steve?"

It was Carla's moisture problem again. I was hoping she wouldn't lay into me with that one again tonight. After all I was the one who convinced Bif and her to build a solar greenhouse. "I'm afraid that all that excess moisture will rot the house though if it's attached," she had said to me at a party just like this one, nine months ago. The idea of a greenhouse appealed to her; the idea of it being attached didn't. Bugs, moisture, weeds, even pasteurized cow manure and peat all seemed a bit too outdoors to be bringing it that much indoors.

Bif had been as gung-ho to go solar as I was, though. He got especially hyped up over rock storage, filling sections of the greenhouse and half his basement with crushed rock, tons of it, that would, according to all the books, heat up as the warm air heated by the sun in the greenhouse passed over it. Bif believed in those rocks like he had believed in the Carlos Castaneda books.

One brilliant sunny day in March he phoned me and asked me over for a look. There was a problem. "Feel this, Steve." So I did. The rocks were cold. Ten tons of cold rocks walled up in what used to be Bif's rec room. He had sold his snooker table to make room.

"Stone cold," I said. "Maybe you need more insulation. Or better air circulation. Sometimes these things need to be tuned up." Bif said something about wishing he had invested in a hang-glider instead.

And now Carla on the moisture problem again. "I can feel it creeping into the house. I think we'll have to buy a dehumidifier. That might do it don't you think, Steve?"

I told her that maybe it would and gracelessly angled my way out of the kitchenette and over toward Craig who was opening up a couple of quarts of his home made beer. "Just don't pour out the stuff on the bottom," he was addressing a small, respectful audience. "The sludge, all the yeast and goop, it's deadly. Good for the soul mind you but, hey look, this was the stuff that really killed Jim Morrison."

Accepting one of the paper cups being passed my way, I sipped the brew and found it bitter but potent.

"It's a shame people can't have fun without taking alcohol," someone was saying to me. It was Alex Radkin.

"That's very true, Alex," I said slugging back what remained in my Dixie cup. "Whatever happened to hard drugs anyway?" I taunted him.

Alex swished around a little Perrier water in his cup which was emblazoned with information gleaned from the *Guinness Book of Records*. He had been born with liver trouble right from the start—congenital, unlike others who had to work at it all their lives. This gave him a sense of superiority, a sort of snobbishness that fit well with his expertise in Social Philosophy. Alex had been published in dozens of scholarly journals, an expert of Hegel, Marx and Lenin; contributing editor of *New Left Review*, associate professor of philosophy.

"It is a shame, people can't make up their own minds," he told me. "Instead they're brainwashed by the media, by the ad men." Swishing more Perrier water, knitting his brow and focussing intently on the bubbles he added, "Oh well, the system is corrupting itself into oblivion. It'll all come out in the wash."

No one I had ever met paid any serious

attention to Radkin. It was the price you had to pay for being a respected scholar, I suppose. Obsessed with moving society toward a more *humanistic* sense of government, he was condemned to stand forever in parties full of drunks, drinking Perrier and hearing myriad excuses from people who abruptly walked away from his conversations.

"Think I'll get a refill," I told Alex and caught Craig's attention just in time to get what was left at the bottom of a litre of homebrew. "It'll creep back on you in the morning, I'm warning you." I slugged it back and went looking for something commercially produced.

Darlene was hanging out by the table full of wine. Tom Marshall had latched on to her. Poor Darlene.

"Do you think one of us should call the babysitter to make sure everything is O.K.?" I intervened. Even though the kid was almost three, I still felt decidedly nervous about leaving her with a stranger.

"I think she's alright, Steve. Call if you want," she turned back to Tom. I realized she was actually interested in whatever fabricated "true" story he was telling her. Her hands twirled a coffee cup around, half filled with Donnini. She wasn't usually a drinker, but a diluter of drinks, the only person I knew to water beer with ginger ale. I'd have to keep an eye on her.

"I guess if you're not worried about the kid, why should I?" It occurred to me that afternoon that in less than two years our son would be going to school. I had found that thought irrevocably frightening. From behind an enormous hanging spider plant, I studied Darlene's attention to Tom Marshall and his story about the time he swam across Halifax Harbour in the fog—on a dare—and almost got run down by the ferry, then just about swamped when a submarine came up almost right underneath him. Darlene was pouring more Donnini... for them both. She took a gulp and a tiny bit dribbled down her chin. "What did the cops say to you when you came up at Privateers Wharf?" I heard her say.

At that moment I was pounced upon by Felice. "You know how hard it is to keep spider plants alive when you heat a house this size with a wood stove? This one hasn't had hardly any babies in months."

People with spider plants were always talking about babies. "If it wasn't for six hours of Renaissance harp music a day and a change of potting soil every two weeks, this beautiful creature would be long dead."

Felice was our hostess. Thirty-six, single—I never got the story straight about her marriages. She had kids somewhere—she always referred to them as being "in other parts of the world." Always trying to shroud herself in mystery, she swore to me on one occasion sitting in her kitchen drinking goat's milk that she was a witch. "It's in my family. My grandmother was a witch, a famous one in fact. If I want I can have absolute control over other people, men in particular." (She had called me at eight o'clock in the morning, told me her toilet was overflowing and she didn't know what to do. Being the closest neighbour, I was obliged to go over and stem the tide.) "If I wanted, I could make myself irresistible to you." I polished off the goat's milk. "This stuff isn't half bad," I said to avoid her big cow eyes that were burning away at my soul. "Maybe if you put a couple of bricks in the tank, it'll shut off better. I'd check out the septic field too, if I was you." She let her kimono slip open from the top and leaned across the table,

suppressing a belch. I caught one glimpse of an incredibly oversized nipple, an areola as dark as Africa and made my exit. "There's a piece I have to get done on illegal RCMP search and seizure tactics," I apologized. And split.

Through the spider plant, I watched Tom Marshall gesticulating away, sloshing white wine all over an asparagus fern. Then he led Darlene over toward the bay window that looked out toward Cow Bay.

"I did it's chart, you know." Felice again.

"Hmm?"

"The plant. I did a natal chart. I knew exactly when it germinated. I was there...like a midwife. So I knew the exact time, date and place. It'll live a long life although I thought there was some indication of being barren in old age." She stroked the tiny green tendrils in consolation. The party was getting noisy, you could hardly hear the Bob Marley record.

Alex indulged himself between Felice and myself and fingered the potting soil. "You use commercial plant food I see," he said with the utmost indignation. "I believe I read somewhere that much of the world's artificial fertilizers are made in Fascist countries."

"This stuff was sent to me by my aunt in the States."

"Proves my point."

"Bug off, creep." I liked Felice for that one remark. For a woman perpetually on the make, it was good to see her willing to castrate at least one male. And Alex was a good victim. She took my elbow and shovelled me toward a table laid out with expensive cheeses and all sorts of vegetable dips. For some reason almost no one was eating. Felice bit off part of a radish and thrust the rest in my mouth. A voice behind me, male but effeminate, insisted, "You must try the Brie, it's delightful." Funny how the word delightful, just wasn't in my vocabulary. I turned to see a tall, thin guy ogling me from behind delicate, rimless glasses. Felice and I smiled and she shuttled me along to what she claimed was guacamole dip. It could have been colored yoghurt for all I could tell. I tried some and found it palatable but dull. I tried to get a glimpse of my wife who had seemingly disappeared. Felice wasn't about to let me go; she nuzzled her breasts up against my arm. As if the woman had muscles there, my puny bicep felt like it was handcuffed. She was breathing Camembert breath down my shirt. I felt a bit nauseous.

Fortunately, (or unfortunately as it turned out) Brian showed up just then. He opened the solid mahogany door that no one had answered when he rang and looked around the room in total bewilderment for a familiar face. He almost retreated but caught a glimpse of me being stuffed with pickled cauliflower and came my way.

Brian, I should point out, is one of the most sensitive men I've ever met. Twenty-six, just a kid, he is hopelessly at the mercy of the world. How he's survived I'll never know and whenever he's around I feel compelled to insure his survival for however long I can. I had taken the liberty to invite him to the party. I knew Felice wouldn't mind. Out of self-preservation, I thought that maybe I could unload Felice on him for a while. Immediately realizing the potential devastating consequences, I erased the thought and began plotting how to avoid just that. It was too late.

"Hi, Steve. What a place, eh? I didn't

know you had wealthy friends." He was all youthful ingenuity; a thing hard to come by in a man of twenty-six.

"I don't really. This is Felice. She owns the place." I murmured.

"I don't own it really. I mean, I'm not into possessions or anything. It's just a place to sleep. Good fortune has made it possible."

Good fortune and about fifty grand a year in alimony, but I kept my mouth shut.

"Possessions are so *transient*, don't you think?" She was giving Brian the once over. I savagely bit into a piece of celery laced with cream cheese and olives. "I believe in sharing everything I have," Felice finished. Oh, Christ.

"I've been lucky, I guess. Up till now, I've been able to avoid owning much more than the basics of what I need." To Brian this wasn't crapola; he meant it. He had lived for the past years out of vehicles. I don't think he'd slept without wheels beneath him in all that time except for when his Ford van was up on blocks for a month. Now he was shackled up in the back half of a '65 Volvo station wagon down near Clam Bay Beach. Over the years he had worn out three VW bugs (really cramped quarters by anyone's estimation), one '58 Buick (which to this day, he remains a little embarrassed over), two VW vans (each which transcended several worn out engines before the carcass itself resigned itself completely to rust), and his recent Volvo.

In the Volvo, he wrote poetry. Occasionally he made enough money to survive by working part-time as a baker in Atlantic Canada's only whole wheat bagel shop.

"And what do you *do*?" I heard Felice ask Brian, steering him toward an enormous wedge of Gouda and away from the admiring eyes of the guy in the rimless glasses. Both of them seemed to have forgotten about me.

A free man at last I was about to go searching for Darlene, only to be overcome by a sense of guilt for having brought Felice and Brian together. I could here Brian answering, "I write poetry, mostly about how things affect me emotionally." Felice was loosening something that held her hair in a bundle. It cascaded like a polluted waterfall down around her shoulders, throat and collected in the valley between her mountainous breasts. "Would you read some to my umbrella plant? It positively *thrives* on oral poetry?"

Her umbrella plant was in the bedroom. Brian was trapped. He was beyond my help. I knew him well enough to realize that even with Felice, he would fall in love. Few men fall in love the way Brian does. A true poet in spirit, he was overwhelmed by women and when he fell in love, his enthusiasm would crucify him. He felt things too intently. Felice would use him and then he would be destroyed. Reams of free verse would be produced, none of it would be published. Felice would snare him, ultimately castrate him mentally and then send him scurrying off in his rusted out Volvo to live further down the coast, away from the clutter of civilization. And it would be my fault.

Darlene was nowhere to be found. I was being absurd. I trusted her; we weren't the pair to be fooling around. It just didn't happen. Still, I didn't like Tom Marshall one iota. The bastard did men's clothing commercials on TV. They paid him a hundred dollars an hour to flash his all-too-perfect smile and walk down Barrington Street in three piece suits from
Continued on page 14...



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A Planet For The Taking Suzuki's latest CBC effort

By JEAN LeBLANC

HAVING BEGUN ON FEBRUARY 6 and lasting through March 27, one of the most ambitious and important science programs ever made by the CBC, *A Planet for the Taking* will be aired weekly at 8:00 on Wednesday evenings. This special series, more than three years in the making, sets out to explore our fascination with nature. The series will show that this fascination provides us with unprecedented powers which threaten to destroy the very life we enjoy now. *A Planet for the Taking* also sets out to find out where this power originated and its implications for the future.

The series was produced by the world-acclaimed "CBC Science Unit." Their credits include the production of *The Nature of Things* as well as other science projects for the CBC. *A Planet for the Taking* also has the advantage of having some of the most distinguished workers of the CBC. These include James Murrey, executive producer of

The Nature of Things for 12 years and three ACTRA award-winning writers, including the host David Suzuki.

In the series, Suzuki argues that man must stop his drive to control nature and learn to live in harmony with it if we are to survive. To prove the argument that nature cannot be pushed too far, Suzuki uses examples of environmental devastation and global hunger to demonstrate the results of stretching nature's limits.

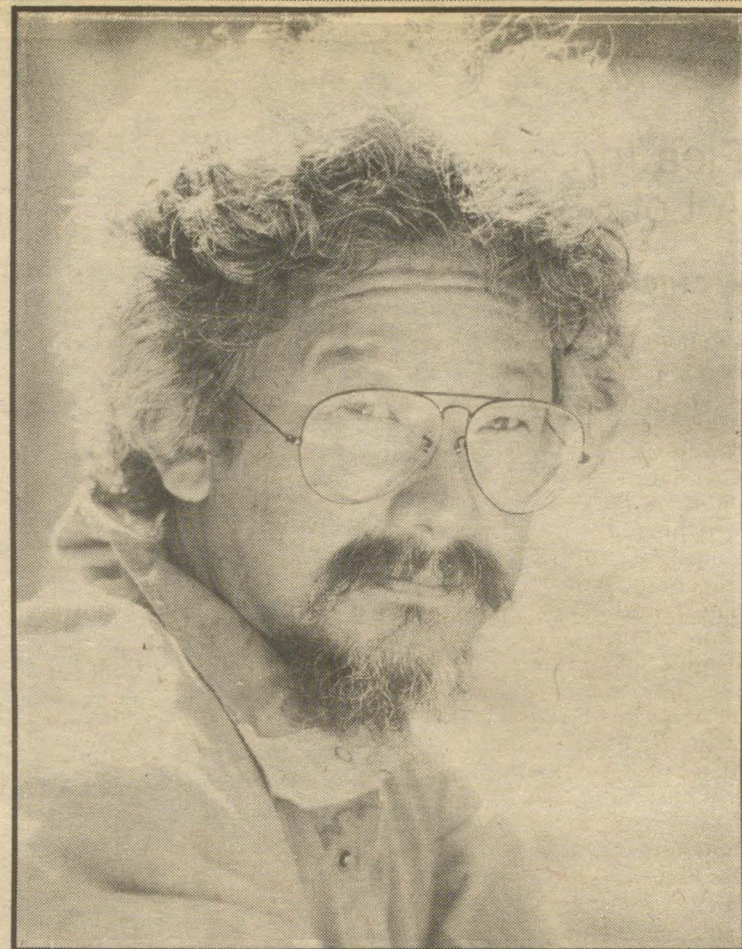
To investigate the problems and solutions concerning man and his relationship to nature Suzuki circles the globe. Investigating people in the past and present he looks for what they believe their role on earth is. As well, interviews with some of the world's best-known and most important thinkers build up to a new perspective on the human place in nature. *A Planet for the Taking* also describes modern man's compulsion to control and manipulate nature's power. Examples of man's failure to manipulate nature's power show

that man must live with nature.

Already the series' first and second episodes, shown on Feb. 6 and 13, have begun to explore man's role in nature. The first episode explored man's recent arrival on the planet and his common biological links with other forms of life. Also explored was the evolutionary process that has separated man from the other animals and allowed man to dominate the world. The second episode showed us how man has changed from idols and myths to science in order to express and impose a sense of domination over the world.

Next week, *A Planet for the Taking* explores man's desires to make himself superior over other forms of life in an on-going battle for survival. With this episode, evidence points out that if we continue on our present course we may soon be left alone and behind in the world. This may occur unless we discover that the natural order can be peaceful co-existence rather than an ultimate survival of the fittest. Future episodes will explore many other avenues, including man's response to modern technology, genetic manipulation and man's danger to himself.

Suzuki has said that there will be something in the series that will make just about everybody angry. Yet he hopes that viewers will come out with an overall feeling of optimism that man can live in harmony with nature. This is his description of *A Planet for the Taking*:



"As we rush towards the 21st century, science and technology are altering our world dramatically. We've long thought of ourselves as masters of the natural world, but now that drive to dominate and control is having dangerous con-

sequences.

Can we change the way we see our relationship with the other life forms on the earth?

A Planet for the Taking presents an alternate perspective on the way things work in nature--and our place in it."

I've touched the sun and found it cold...

Continued from page 12...

Colwell Brothers while a video crew cluttered around him like a bunch of crows. No matter how plastic we all thought he was, there was a certain charm that seemed to entice even the most intrepid back-to-the-land earth mothers among us. The bastard.

I came up behind them, recognizing the voice first — Tom's. "Would you believe they paid me a grand to fly to Toronto for one day to do a commercial for jockey shorts. Can you believe it? Ten minutes parading in front of a lens in Fruit of the Looms and I finished off paying for the sloop. Some life. Look at this. I got to keep the samples." I was too far away to see what he was doing, but I could hear Darlene giggling. She had had a bit much to drink. I shouldn't have brought her maybe, I don't know. Not able to bring myself to interrupt the two, I went searching for a phone to call the sitter. Maybe she had lost the number we gave her. Maybe something was wrong at home and she didn't know how to get in touch.

I found the black princess phone on a table outside of Felice's bedroom. Noises were coming from behind the door. I tried not to listen.

"Hello." It was a male voice on the other end, at my house.

"Hey, who the hell is this?" Then I heard Kim come on the line.

"Oh, hi, Mr. Kurtz. No, it's just, well, it's my boyfriend. He stopped over."

"How's the kid?" I tried to be polite.

"Asleep. Do you want me to tell Ronnie to leave? I didn't know he was coming over, honest."

"It's O.K. We'll be home soon."

"Thanks." Kim said and then Ronnie apparently grabbed the phone. "Hey, you're alright, ya know that. Everything's cool here. I appreciate ya not hassling the chick. See ya."

As I held the dead phone, I tried to place

the quality of the voices from the other end. Not quite straight. Not drunk. Not stoned. My guess was downers. Nothing totally destructive mind you, but not quite the scene I had hoped to have happening at the old homestead. Behind Felice's natural wood door I could hear the water bed sloshing around. Time to leave.

Coming down the hall toward me was Carla. "Steve, I think we should have put in better drainage. And fans or something. All of that extra humidity getting into the house. What if the insulation in the walls soaks it up? I heard some architect talking about wood rot. It's frightening what could happen to a house even just a few years old. What do you think we should do?"

"Let me think on it I said," and lurched in front of her into the bathroom to take a piss. She kept talking to me through the door. Something about root rot in her tomatoes. The damn toilet was stopped up again. I tried the plunger once or twice to no avail, thought of interrupting Felice to tell her, then just shut off the water valve, closed the lid and went looking to grab Darlene.

She was hovering by the Jotul now with Tom Marshall still on her case. He was holding her wrist while he poured more Donnini for her, spilling a few drops onto the stove's ceramic finish. I could hear the sizzling from across the crowded room. The homebrew churned around in my gut. Carla was following me with more humidity problems. She was certain they should have opted for an active solar system for domestic hot water.

And before I could reach Darlene, one more obstacle. A girl who worked in PR for the provincial department of the environment.

"Damn you, Kurtz. You made my job very difficult, I just want you to know that."

"What the hell did I do?" I looked down

at a very short girl with close cropped hair and an evil look on her face.

"All that baloney about the highway spraying program. 2-4-D never hurt a human soul. And your damn article about some old fart's cows having a miscarriage was a load of crap."

I remembered the article. One of my best. Yet everybody had got down on me for it. The editor, the Minister of Highways. Later that week, the provincial tax people audited me. I hadn't met the PR girl before. "Look I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make life difficult for you. It's just that, well, I felt that I had to take some responsibility. A lot of research has proven that those chemicals can be harmful."

She wasn't listening. "Do you have any idea what I had to go through. The Agriculture people got down on us. The hunters got down on us. Some guy who said he'd been eating strawberries along his road for years now claims he got cancer from the spray. There's a lot of loonies out there waiting to capitalize on your story. Thanks a lot, shithead." And she walked away, giving me the finger.

Off in the corner somebody fell into a potted ginko tree. Alex and Bif were arguing about the ethics of professional sports. "But dammit, a goalie's got a right to have his frigging nose dislocated if he's willing to put up with it for a hundred thousand a year," I heard Bif chortling.

Marshall had his arm around Darlene. Not around exactly, but hovering above her shoulder on the sofa. Asserting territorial rights, I collected her abruptly and unceremoniously headed for the door, leaving our coats for some other time.

"Why can't you just relax and have a good time?" she said to me in the car. "Tom Marshall did not show me his jockey shorts."

"O.K., well, he was putting the make on you."

"What?"

"He was dammit. The man's a jerk. How could you put up with those stupid stories of his?"

"You looked a little cozy with Big F, yourself, Steven."

"You know I can just barely tolerate her. Besides it was her party. Let's skip the next one."

"So now you want to cancel our social life because you think Tom Marshall wanted me to check out his underwear."

I wanted to tell her that I was just looking out for her. I felt a certain sense of responsibility. Call it duty. I'm glad I didn't say it out loud, it would have sounded like crap. We both sat like stones, each leaning against the opposite doors.

"Would you mind putting your seat belt on?" I asked. She didn't answer or oblige my request.

"Hey, look, I'm sorry, alright?" I offered up into the gathering gloom inside the car.

"Well how come everytime that I'm having a halfway decent good time, you're getting bummed out?" Darlene sounded bitter.

"I don't know." Darlene was angry.

There was a funny vibration in the steering wheel that seemed to rivet my attention. Wheels out of balance, probably. Nothing serious mind you, but I would make a point of getting it fixed before Darlene took the car to town to go shopping later in the week.

The sky was grim: overcast save for one small gap where a lone star shone through. There was no wind at all. I tried to focus for an instant on the star but it moved and was gone; a satellite no doubt. A few drops of rain appeared on the windshield and I turned on the wipers.

Lesley Choyce teaches English at Mount St. Vincent University. His latest novel is called *Downwind*. He also has a book of short stories called *Billy Botweiller's Last Dance*.

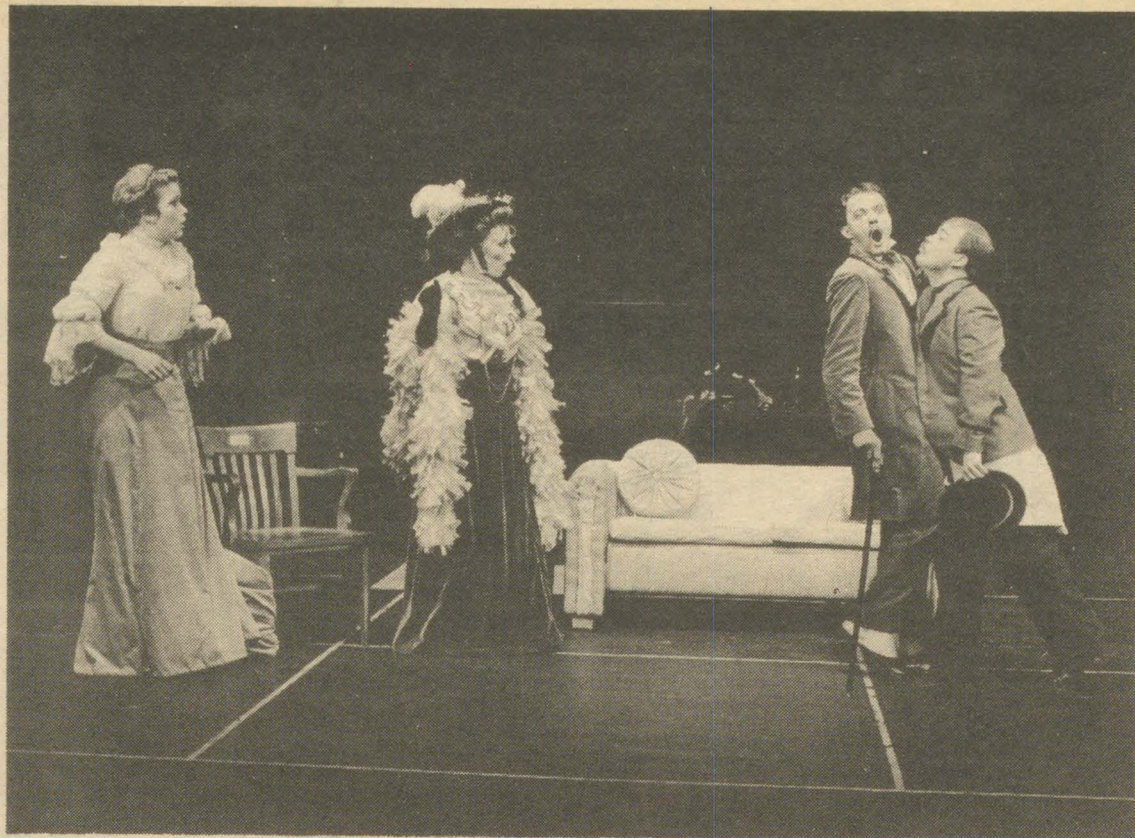
Flea In Her Ear A Lot of Fun...

By **CHRIS MORASH**

A COUPLE OF NIGHTS AGO I sat in on the final dress rehearsal of Dal Theatre's production of George Feydeau's tour de farce, *A Flea in Her Ear*. Did I have fun! The show, which runs at the Dunn Theatre until Sunday, does everything a farce should - it romps, it rollicks, and it's uproarious. Built on a superbly crafted card house of possible improbabilities, of mistaken identity, of misunderstanding, and of amorous misadventure, the script is perhaps the archetype of the farce genre, and director Alan Lund gives it a reading that is at once faithful and fresh.

Lund is probably familiar to most as the guiding light behind the Charlottetown Festival, and in directing this production he brings his ample abilities as choreographer into play. The essence of farce is an irrationality that finds its form in wordplay that makes full use of the ambiguities of language, and in frenzied physicality that depends on split second timing. In this latter aspect Lund gives the production its stylized vividness by setting the many climactic chases and the particularly important entrances to music. Characters darting in and out of the set's many doors become dancers in a celebration of the absurd. However, he does not sacrifice Feydeau's richly funny language to a physical concept of the play, so there are just as many verbal laughs as there are visual delights.

The state on which this energetic performance takes place is a silvered art deco creation of scenographer Peter Perina. This is roofed by a huge fan-shaped mirror that reflects the movements of the performers below, both in the drawing room of Victor Emanuel Chandebise, and in the disreputable Hotel Coq D'Or. It is a design that captures the highly polished surface and ornate stylization of the play itself. At the same time it provides an acting space that throws a maximum amount of focus on the actors and on costume designer Martha



Sheri Pederson and Kathryn Roe look on in amazement as Sheldon Davis as Poche attempts to leave his mark on Paul D. Smith's cheek in a scene from *A Flea In Her Ear*. Photo: John Davie.

Snetsinger's detailed outfits.

On the whole, the acting is consistently strong. The characters are given the sort of caricature-like solidness that the play calls for, ranging from the relative realism of Stephen Tobias' Etienne Pluchoux, to the

cartoon-like Baptistin of Paul Williams. Particularly notable is Sheldon Davis, who plays the roles of both Victor Emanuel Chandebise, the insurance director, and Poche, the hall porter, with energy and imagination. Also impressive is

Doug Carrigan, who makes the most of the virtuoso role of Camille Chandebise, the young nephew with the cleft palate. John Jay, looking rather like Sigmund Freud in his frock coat and goatee, does some interesting work in the role of Dr. Finache,

and Sheri Pedersen turns in a very strong performance as Raymonde Chandebise. Also strong are Kathryn Roe as the woman with the remarkable name of Lucienne Horuenides de Hestangua, Scott Owen as Augustin Ferallon, and Paul D. Smith.

In fact, everything about this production has the solid vividness of clarity of definition that good farce needs to succeed. It zips along at a steadily building pace, seldom lagging, so that the audience is carried along into the same frenetic state of mind as the characters themselves, living on the sensations of the moment. If you enjoy farce you won't want to miss this production served up by two masters, Feydeau and Alan Lund.

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	Guest Speaker	Mr. Shimon Fogel
		"The Future of Judaism in the Atlantic Region"
	Cost	\$5.00. Tickets are available from Miriam Alberstat at 422-5526/422-7491 or from Lawrence Chippin at 423-7437.
8:00 p.m.	Workshop	
	Guest Speaker	Mr. Alan Oirich—Representative of Network USA
		"Syrian Jewry"

Saturday February 16, 1985

9:15 a.m.	Services	Shaar Shalom Synagogue, 1981 Oxford Street
12:00 noon	Brunch	Bayit, Corner of Jubilee Rd. & Preston St.
	Guest Speaker	Mr. Herman Newman
		"The Holocaust and the Continuance of the Nazi Penetration into the Free World"
	Cost	No Charge—Everyone Welcome!
1:00 p.m.	Workshops	
	Guest Speaker	Mr. Lee Cohen
		"Soviet Jewry"
	Guest Speaker	Mr. Alan Oirich
		"What we can do!"
7:00 p.m.	Ski Trip	Meet at the Bayit—Please be prompt!
		Transportation to Keddys (Truro) provided
		Meals provided, pool, sauna, hot tub and partying! (Open bar as usual!)
	Cost	Skiing—\$20.00, Non-skiing—\$10.00

Sunday, February 17, 1985

8:30 a.m.	Ski Wentworth	Transportation provided
		Equipment passes and lessons provided
6:00 p.m.	Return	Transportation provided

For further information contact Miriam Alberstat 422-5526 or 422-7491